

Nicholas Arthur  
**KILBURN**  
MEMORIAL CONCERT SERIES

**2004 Season**

Presenting

**Nathan Berg, baritone**

with

**Roger Admiral, piano**

**Friday, March 5, 2004**

**8:00 pm**



**Arts Building  
University of Alberta**



DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**

Nathan Berg appears by permission of IMG Artists Management



## Program

Morgen!, Op. 27, #4 (1894) Richard Strauss  
Zueignung, Op. 10, #1 (1884) (1864-1959)  
Ich Liebe dich, Op. 37, #2 (1897)  
Befreit, Op. 39, #4 (1898)

Don Quichotte a Dulcinée (1933) Maurice Ravel  
Chanson romanesque (1875-1937)  
Chanson épique  
Chanson à boire

Vier ernste Gesänge, Op. 121 (1896) Johannes Brahms  
I. Denn es gehet dem Menschen (1833-1897)  
II. Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle  
III. O Tod, wie bitter bist du  
IV. Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelszungen redete

## Intermission

Chanson triste (1868; rev. 1902) Henri Duparc  
Soupir (1869; rev. 1902) (1848-1933)  
La Vie antérieure (1884; rev. 1902)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1840) Robert Schumann  
I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai (1810-1856)  
II. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen  
III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne  
IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh  
V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
VI. Im Rhein, im schonen Strome  
VII. Ich grolle nicht  
VIII. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen  
IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen  
X. Hör ich das Liedchen klingen  
XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen  
XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
XIII. Ich hab im Traum geweinet  
XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume  
XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es  
XVI. Die alten bösen Lieder

CBC Radio Two is pleased to share tonight's performance with Canadians from coast to coast through a broadcasts on the programs "In Performance" with host Eric Friesen and "Our Music" with host Catherine McClelland. You can listen to "In Performance" every weekday at 8:00 pm and to "Our Music" every Sunday at noon on CBC Radio Two, 90.9 FM.

## Translations

### Morgen!

(John Henry Mackay)

Tomorrow's sun will rise in glory beaming,  
and in the pathway that my foot shall wander,  
we'll meet,  
forget the earth,  
and lost in dreaming,  
let heaven unite a love  
that earth no more shall sunder...  
and towards that shore, its billows softly flowing,  
our hands entwined,  
our footsteps slowly wending,  
gaze in each other's eyes in love's soft splendour  
glowing  
mute with tears of joy and bliss never ending...

### Zueignung

(Hermann v. Gilm)

Yes, you know, all my anguish,  
in your absence how I languish.  
Love brings sorrow to the heart!  
Give thanks!  
Once, when merry songs were ringing,  
I to liberty was drinking,  
thou a blessing did impart.  
Give thanks!  
You rid me of wanton spirits;  
comfort and peace are in my soul,  
joy and bliss come from your love.  
Give thanks!

### Ich Liebe dich

(Detlev von Liliencron)

Four dancing white horses for our soft cushioned  
carriage;  
we live in a castle,  
nothing to discourage us;  
where sun or wind may linger or stray,  
whatever the eye seizes all owns to our sway.  
Though homeless and friendless,  
you roam as an exile,  
love, I'd share your misfortunes,  
if my heart were your home,  
my love!  
Though footsore and fainting,  
ever onward we roam,  
banished and forsaken,  
a crumbling hut our home.

### Ich Liebe dich (cont'd)

Be your body laid in marble,  
Death's hand still near,  
I'd lie down beside you and die on the funeral bier.  
Should you die as a beggar,  
your grave on the heath,  
my sword through my heart,  
love, I'd follow thee in death!

### Befreit

(Richard Dehmel)

You will not weep. Gently, gently  
you will smile, and as if for a journey  
I shall return your gaze and kiss.  
Our dear four walls! You prepared them  
and I opened them out for you into a world -  
O happiness!  
Then you will warmly clasp my hands  
and leave me your soul,  
leaving me behind for our children.  
You gave me your whole life,  
I will pass it on to them -  
O happiness!  
It will be very soon, we both know;  
we have breed each other from sorrow,  
so I have returned you to the world.  
Then you will appear to me again only in dream,  
and bless me and weep with me -  
O happiness!

### Don Quichotte a Dulcinée

(Paul Morand)

#### Chanson romanesque

If you told me the eternal turning  
of the world, offended you.  
I would send Panza:  
you would see it motionless and silent.  
If you told me to be bored by  
the number of stars in the sky.  
I would tear the heavens apart,  
erase the night in one swipe.  
If you told me that the now  
empty space doesn't please you.  
Chevalier A dieu, with a lance at hand  
I would fill the passing wind with stars.  
But, my Lady, if you told me  
that my blood is more mine, then yours,  
that reprimand would turn me pale  
and blessing you, I would die.  
Oh, Dulcinee.



### Chanson épique

Dear Saint Michael, who gives me the chance  
to see my Lady and to hear her.

Dear Saint Michael who gracefully choose me  
to please and defend you.

Dear Saint Michael will you descend  
with Saint George to the altar

of the Virgin in the blue mantle?

Bless my sword,  
with a beam from heaven

and his equal in purity  
as in modesty and chastity:

My lady.

O Great Saint George and Saint Michael

The angel who guards my watch

my sweet Lady, so much like you

Virgin in the blue mantle.

### Chanson à boire

Fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady  
who, for loosing me in your sweet eyes

tells me that love and old wine  
put my heart and soul in mourning.

I drink to pleasure!

Pleasure is the only goal,  
to which I go straight... when I've drunk!

Fig for the jealous, dark-haired mistress  
who moans, who cries and swears

always being the pallid lover,  
watering down his intoxication.

I drink to pleasure!

Pleasure is the only goal,  
to which I go straight... when I've drunk!

### Vier ernste Gesänge

Johannes Brahms

#### I. Denn es gehet dem Menschen

(Ecclesiastes 3)

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth  
beasts,

as the one dieth, so dieth the other;

yea, they have all one breath;

so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast:  
for all is vanity.

All go unto one place,

all are of the dust

and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man

that goeth upward,

#### I. Denn es gehet dem Menschen (cont'd)

and the spirit of the beast

that goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better,  
that a man should rejoice in his own works;

for that is his portion:

for who shall bring him to see

what shall be after him?

#### II. Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle

(Ecclesiastes 4)

So I returned, and considered

all the oppressions that are done under the sun:

and beheld the tears of such

as were oppressed, and they had no comforter;

and on the side of their oppressors there was power;  
but they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead

which are already dead

more than the living

which are yet alive.

Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet  
been,

who hath not seen the evil work

that is done under the sun.

#### III. O Tod, wie bitter bist du

(Ecclesiastes 41)

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee

to a man that is at peace in his possessions,

unto the man that hath nothing to distract him,

and hath prosperity in all things,

and that still hath strength to receive meat!

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee.

O death, how acceptable is thy sentence unto a man

that is needy and that faileth in strength,

that is in extreme old age, and is distracted in all things,

and that looks for no better lot,

nor waiteth on better days!

O death, how acceptable is thy sentence.

#### IV. Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelszungen redete

(Corinthians I, 13)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,  
and have not charity,  
I am become as sounding brass,  
or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy,  
and understand all mysteries,  
and all knowledge;  
and though I have all faith,

so that I could remove mountains,  
and have not charity,  
I am nothing,

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,  
and though I give my body to be burned,  
and have not charity,  
it profiteth me nothing.

For now we see through a glass,  
darkly;

but then face to face:

now I know in part;

but then I shall know

even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity,  
these three:

but the greatest of these is charity.

#### Chanson triste

(Jean Lahor)

In our heart there sleeps a moonlight,

A soft moonlight of summer.

And to escape this troublesome life

I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget the past sorrows,

my love,

When you will cradle my sad heart and my thoughts  
in the loving stillness of your arms!

You will let my wounded head,

Oh! sometimes rest on your knees,

And you will recite a ballad

That will seem to speak of us,

And in your eyes filled with sadness,

In your eyes then I shall drink

So many kisses and tender caresses

That perhaps I shall recover.

#### Soupir

(Sully Prudhomme)

Never to see nor to hear her,

never to call out her name,

But, faithfully, always to wait for her,

Always to love her!

To open one's arms out, and tired of waiting,

To close them on the void!

But yet, always to hold them out to her,

Always to love her,

Ah! - nothing left but to hold them out to her

And to exhaust oneself in tears,

Always to shed these tears,

Always to love her ...

Never to see nor to hear her,

Never to call out her name

But with a love, always more tender

Always to love her. Always!

#### La Vie antérieure

(Charles Baudelaire)

I dwelled a long time in vast pillared halls

Which the sun rays of the sea coloured with a thousand  
lights,

And which their great columns, straight and majestic,

Made, at night, alike to grottos of basalt.

The surging waves, rolling along the reflections of the  
skies,

Intermingled in a solemn and mystical way

The all-powerful chords of their rich music

With the sunset's hues reflected in my eyes ...

There, there is where I lived in calm voluptuousness

Amidst the azure, the waves and the splendors,

Amidst nude slaves impregnated with scents,

Who refreshed my brow with palm leaves,

And whose sole care was bent on fathoming

The painful mystery that made me languish.

#### Dichterliebe

(Heinrich Heine)

##### I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the marvellous month of May

when all the buds were bursting,

then in my heart did

love arise.

In the marvellous month of May

when all the birds were singing,

then did I reveal to her

my yearning and longing.



## **II. Aus meinen Tränen sprissen**

From my tears there spring  
up many blossoming flowers.  
And my sighs turn into  
a choir of nightingales.  
And if you love me,  
child,  
I will give you all the flowers,  
and at your window shall sound  
the song of the nightingale.

## **III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne**

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
once, rapt with love, I loved them all.  
I love them no more, I love only  
her who is small, exquisite, chaste, unique.  
She, all loving rapture, herself  
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

## **IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh**

When I gaze into your eyes  
all my pain and grief vanishes;  
then when I kiss your mouth  
I am made wholly and completely well.  
When I lean on your bosom  
joy as of heaven comes upon me;  
but when you say "I love you;"  
I must weep bitterly.

## **V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen**

I long to sink my soul  
within the cup of the lily;  
the lily would sing in whispers  
a song of my beloved.  
The song would tremble and quiver  
like the kiss from her mouth  
that once she gave me  
in an hour of wondrous sweetness.

## **VI. Im Rhein, im schönen Strome**

In the Rhine, the holy river,  
there in the waves is reflected  
with its mighty cathedral,  
mighty, holy Cologne.  
In the cathedral there hangs a picture  
painted on golden leather;  
into the wilderness of my life  
it has shed its friendly beams.

## **VI. Im Rhein, im schönen Strome (cont'd)**

Flowers and angels hover there  
round Our Lady;  
her eyes, her lips, her cheeks  
are exactly like my beloved's.

## **VII. Ich grolle nicht**

I do not complain, even if my heart is breaking,  
love lost for ever! I do not complain.  
Even though you gleam with the glory of diamonds  
no gleam falls into the night of your heart.  
I knew it long ago - I saw you in my dreams  
and saw night in the confines of your heart,  
and saw the viper that gnaws at your bosom;  
I saw, my love, how wretched you are.

## **VIII. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen**

If only the flowers, little as they are, could know  
how deeply wounded is my heart,  
they would weep with me  
to heal my sorrow.  
If only the nightingales knew  
how sad and sick I am,  
they would gladly pour out  
their refreshing song.  
If only they knew my woe,  
those golden stars,  
they would come down from aloft  
and speak comfort to me.  
They can none of them know,  
one only knows my sorrow;  
she herself has made the rent,  
has rent my heart asunder.

## **IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen**

There is fluting and fiddling,  
trumpets are blaring within.  
There in the wedding circle dances  
the best beloved of my heart.  
There is a hubbub and a din,  
drumming and piping,  
and in between are sobbing and wailing  
the dear angels.

**X. Hör ich das Liedchen klingen**

When I hear the sound of the song  
that once my beloved sang,  
my bosom is near to bursting  
with the savage strain of sorrow.  
A dark longing drives me  
up to the woody heights;  
ther in tears is released  
my overwhelming woe.

**XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen**

A lad loves a girl;  
she has chosen another.  
That other loves another,  
and it is this one he has married.  
The girl out of anger accepts  
the first good man  
who crosses her path;  
the lad is hard hit.  
It is an old tale  
but it remains ever new,  
and when it has just happened to a man  
his heart breaks in twain.

**XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen**

On a gleamng morning in summer  
I pace about in the garden.  
The flowers they whisper and speak,  
but I wander speechless.  
The flowers they whisper and speak,  
and look at me compassionately:  
"Do not be cross with our sister,  
you sorrowful, pale-faced man!"

**XIII. Ich hab im Traum geweinet**

I wept in my dreams,  
I dreamed you lay in the grave;  
I awoke, and the tears  
still poured down my cheeks.  
I wept in my dreams,  
I dreamed you had left me;  
I awoke and I went on weeping  
long and bitterly.  
I wept in my dreams,  
I dreamed you were still kind to me;  
I awoke, and still  
the flow of my tears streams on.

**XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume**

All night in dreams I see you,  
and see you greet me warmly,  
and crying aloud I throw myself  
at your sweet feet.  
You look at me sadly  
and shake your fair head.  
From your eyes there are stealing  
teardrops like pearls.  
Secretly you speak to me a hushed word,  
and give me a branch of cypress.  
I wake up, and the branch is gone  
and I have forgotten the word.

**XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es**

From old tales someone waves  
out with a white hand;  
there is singing, and there are sounds  
of a magical land.  
Where gay flowers bloom  
in golden evening light,  
and, sweetly smelling, glow  
with faces radiant as brides.  
And green trees are singing  
the tunes of long ago;  
the breezes sound softly  
and birds twitter there.  
And misty shapes rise  
up out of the ground,  
and dance in airy circles,  
a wondrous assembly.  
And azure sparks are burning  
on every leaf and twig,  
and crimson lights are running  
in circles hither and thither.  
And noisy springs are bursting  
from the unhewn marble rock,  
and strangely in the streams  
glows the reflection.  
Ah! could I but go there,  
and there make my heart happy,  
and be relieved of all sorrows,  
and be free and full of joy.  
Ah! that land of rapture,  
I see it often in my dreams;  
but the sun comes at morning  
and dispels it like empty bubbles.



# XVI. Die alten bösen Lieder

The old and evil songs,  
the dreams so evil and bad,  
let us bury them now -  
fetch an enormous coffin.  
In it I'll lay plenty  
(but I don't yet say what it is);  
the coffin must be even larger  
than the tun of Heidelberg.  
And fetch a funeral bier  
and planks firm and thick;  
it too must be even longer  
than the bridge at Mainz.  
And then fetch me twelve giants;  
they must be mightier even  
than mighty St. Christopher  
in the cathedral of Cologne on the Rhine.  
They shall carry the coffin away  
and sink it deep in the sea;  
for such a huge coffin  
demands a huge grave.  
Do you know why the coffin must be so huge and  
heavy?  
I want to sink my love  
and my sorrow in it.

Born in Saskatchewan, **Nathan Berg's** vocal studies took him from Canada to America and Paris and finally to the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, where he studied with Vera Rozsa. Winner of the Gold Medal for Singers at the Guildhall, he has also won prizes in the Royal Overseas League, Peter Pears, Kathleen Ferrier and Walther Gruner lieder competitions.

He has given recitals in England at the Blackheath Concert Hall, the Wigmore Hall in London, the Harrogate International Festival and the Three Choirs Festival. Other recital venues have included the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, Detroit and Montréal for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He has toured extensively with such distinguished conductors as Kurt Masur, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Christoph Dohnányi, Philip Herreweghe, Jan Tortelier, Roger Norrington, Helmut Rilling and Raymond Leppard, singing repertoire from Bach and Handel oratorios to Mahler song cycles. Recently he sang Schubert songs with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under Michael Tilson Thomas, Schubert's Mass in A flat at the BBC Proms with the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Jiri Belohlávek, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Tanglewood, and his debut at the Edinburgh Festival in a Hugo Wolf recital.

Operatic roles have included Figaro in *Le Nozze di Figaro* in Nice, Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte* for Welsh National Opera, Masetto in *Don Giovanni* and Mercurio in *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* for Netherlands Opera, Leporello for Tourcoing Opera and Schaunard for the Canadian Opera Company. Most recently he has sung the roles of Leporello and Masetto in the new Peter Brook production of *Don Giovanni*, conducted by Claudio Abbado and Daniel Harding in Lyon, Milan, Brussels and Tokyo, and *Les Indes Galantes* at the Bastille.

Recent engagements have included performances of the Mozart *C minor Mass* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and *The Seasons* in Atlanta, Mozart's *Requiem* with The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, *Missa Solemnis* in Baltimore, Bach's *B minor Mass* (BWV 232) in Boston, Händel's *Rinaldo* with The Academy of Ancient Music and Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle* with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra.

Among his recordings is an appearance in the Hyperion Schubert Edition Volume 29 with Marjana Lipovšek and Graham Johnson, in which he performs the twenty-minute epic *Einsamkeit*. As well his discography includes a recording of Mendelssohn songs and duets with Sophie Daneman and Eugene Asti (Hyperion) and recordings of Rameau's *Zorastre* and Handel's *Theodora* with Les Arts Florissants (Erato).

**Roger Admiral** completed a Doctor of Music degree at the University of Alberta. His main teachers include Helmut Brauss, Peter Smith and Virginia Blaha. With help from the Johann Strauss Foundation, Roger also studied Lied-duo at the Mozarteum in Salzburg. Recent performances include a recital with baritone Nathan Berg on the Great Performers series at Lincoln Center, New York City and with mezzo-soprano Marie-Nicole Lemieux at the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra's *Symphony Under the Sky*. Currently Roger works in Edmonton and performs as part of the Kovalis Duo with Montreal percussionist Philip Hornsey.

In May Roger will be featured soloist in Howard Bashaw's new chamber concerto "minimalisms" performed by Toronto's New Music Concerts, Robert Aitken conducting. This concert will be recorded at the Glenn Gould Studio and co-presented by "Two New Hours" on CBC Radio Two.



## Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Memorial Concert Series

In 1980, Peter Kilburn made a substantial contribution to the Department for the purpose of initiating the Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Concerts, a series of concerts by world renowned artists. Over the years, he contributed even more money, wisdom and guidance to the project, to the point that now the fund provides not only for the yearly N.A.K. Concert, but also supports a series of six to eight other concerts yearly given by Faculty and friends here at the University.

The name of Kilburn at this University stands for generosity, vision and dedication to excellence in music performance, and is responsible in no small measure for the reputation the Department of Music enjoys across the country.

This series of annual concerts is organized in memory of Nicholas Arthur Kilburn (1875-1931), a former member of the University of Alberta Board of Governors, by his late sons Nicholas Weldon and Peter (BA, University of Alberta, 1929). The presence of *Nathan Berg* here tonight is made possible by the generosity of the Kilburn family.

- 1981: Jorge Bolet, pianist
- 1982: (spring) York Winds
- 1982: (fall) Vancouver Chamber Choir
- 1983: Shura Cherkassky, pianist
- 1984: Guy Fallot, cellist
- 1985: Elly Ameling, soprano
- 1986: Eugene Istomin, pianist
- 1987: Franco Gulli, violinist
- 1988: Maureen Forrester, contralto
- 1989: Marek Jablonski, pianist
- 1990: Joseph Swensen, violinist
- 1991: Kaaren Erickson, soprano
- 1992: Detlef Kraus, pianist
- 1993: Ofra Harnoy, cellist
- 1994: Heinz Holliger, oboist
- 1995: Louis Quilico, baritone
- 1996: Stephen Hough, pianist
- 1997: Antonin Kubalek, pianist  
with Ivan Zenaty, violinist
- 1998: David Higgs, organist
- 1999: Edith Wiens, soprano
- 2000: Convivium, keyboard trio
- 2001: Claude Frank, piano
- 2002: Jens Lindemann, trumpet

